this, but the guard was ordered to use his bayonet if we refused, so we put in the negro on top of Wells and covered them up. We knew it was intended for insult, and we began to realize what it was to be a prisoner in the hands of the Confederacy.

The second night in the enemy's hands was passed near Gen. Hood's headquarters. The second day we were turned over to some Home Guards, and started on our way to Andersonville. We were made to feel our position by insults and petty acts of tyranny as we were driven along

UNDER DRAWN SWORD OR PISTOL.

Some of the men were almost sick, many were footsore on account of the loss of their shoes, and all felt weak and faint for want of food; but this only seemed to please the soulless "Home Guards," and when we were corraled on a green spot in the evening we dropped down, overcome more by the depressing influence of the indignities and inhumanities heaped upon us than by the want of food. We were powerless to resent anything, and life was a burden. We almost forgot that we were hungry, though on the way we had eagerly plucked and tried to eat the half-ripe persimmons which lined the fence-rows. For my part the degradation of this day was felt more keenly than any other in my experience; it was a fearful breaking in.

It was not yet sundown when we camped, and there were soon quite a number of country women around the camp looking at us. I went to the guard-line and found a woman who said she would bring us some milk. When it came I gave her a small silk necktie, the only useless thing I had that I thought would please her. The gift seemed unexpected, and she went away with tears in her eyes.

We marched next day and camped near a village; the name I do not remember. Capt. Weisner and Lieut. Bostic took it in their heads to have something good to eat. They applied to the commander of the guard, and he permitted them to go out, on giving

THEIR WORD OF HONOR

to return. They went to a house and had baked about a peck of biscuit, or shortcake, and we did have a feast. As they had charge of the biscuit from the baker's to camp, I slept with them to balance the account, and I believe I balanced it.

The next morning the natives flocked around to look at us. A certain man wanted something to remember the Yankees by. I thought of a pair of pure rubber suspenders, and exchanged them for three immense plugs of tobacco, and made a good bargain.

The next camping place I remember was in a churchyard in Columbus, Ga., where we got some good hardtack and bacon. When it was growing dark the boys noticed a colored woman at the fence, who seemed to want something. One of the boys went to her, when she slipped a jug of molasses from under her skirts, gave it to him, and slipped away.

After this we traveled by railroad, and I remember no particular incident en route. We reached Andersonville on the 11th of October, 1864, the eighth day after our capture. The

FIRST VIEW OF THE STOCKADE,

as we slowly came into the station, sent a chill through our hearts, and our speeches were short and low, if we spoke at all. Untried dangers lurked there that we could not fight. Suffering, privation and disease we believed we must face, but the horrible truth had not dawned upon us, or been imagined.

Here Capt. Weisner left us, the officers having a separate pen, and I saw him no more for many years. Bostic and myself, who had not yet received our commissions or purchased officers' uniforms, did not claim our rank, and went into the main pen with the boys. I might add here that we are still in the pen with the boys, never having been mustered or paid as officers up to this year of our Lord 1887. We were marched from the cars to the gate of the stockade, filed into line and searched for valuables, which they took and kept, but they let me keep my old valise.

The gates were opened. My first impression was that the inmates were all negroes. We marched in. On either side were crowds of prisoners, who yet had life enough left to ask for bread, or inquire for news, or look for friends. We were shown an unoccupied spot and left for the night. The old prisoners crowded around and inquired "How about the war?"

Next they asked about that which involved not only home, but life itself—exchange. They knew they could not last much longer.

"ANY NEWS OF EXCHANGE?"

"Any news of exchange?" When told we knew nothing they racked their feeble frames with imprecations. The phrase grates upon my ears to this day. I hate to think of it. No words in the language call up such bitter recollections. It was the burden of their thoughts, and soon of ours, as it was the only gate or opening to this world. O! the deep-muttered curses against those in authority by these smoke-begrimed, bony, hollow-eyed creatures, who in their rags and dirt and matted hair looked more like wizards than men, who were staring death in the face across a chasm so narrow, whose last faint hopes were again shattered by our answers, were awful to listen to!

Under these circumstances, we lay down on the damp sand, without shelter, and no covering except one poor blanket, which the robbers had left Bostic because it was not worth taking, and which he shared with me. The first incident that occurred to break our sleep or meditation was the shout of "Raider!" These raiders were the remnant of a set of thieves who were at one time

A TERROR IN THE PEN.

I think the raiders' band had been broken up, and it was likely some starving fellow who thought he could find a bite in some haversack of the new prisoners. We were not much troubled in this way, and morning came at last, when we were free to go where we pleased inside the dead-line, which consisted of a row of posts about three feet high driven in the ground some 20 feet from the stockade, on which were nailed narrow strips from one to another.

Our quarters were established in the southeast corner of the stockade. I started on a tour of inspection. The pen inclosed, I should say, about 24 acres at that time, in the form of a parallelogram, running north and south, and divided by a brook running though it from west to east. By the damming-up against the east side, a swampy place was formed extending nearly across to the west side. This swamp was a very foul place. I went to the west side, thence north across the brook, up the hill, past the famous spring under the dead-line, thence on to the top of the hill, where I came across a shanty called

THE "DEAD-HOUSE."

The first view of the place was sickening. There were a number of bodies in there, thrown together as are the dead animals gathered from the streets of a city. The bodies were all nude, emaciated to the last degree and frightfully distorted, and when here and there I saw the glazed eyes peering out from their deep sockets, it was frightful.

I then went on to visit the so-called hospital buildings. These buildings were merely several long sheds across the north end of the stockade. They were not sided up, and contained two rows of double bunks made of rough-sawed pitch-pine boards. I saw no straw nor bedding of any kind in use. I went the whole length of these sheds. There lay several dead bodies not yet gathered into the dead-house. One body I noticed more particularly than the rest on account of its horrible appearance. Had this man perished in the clutches of a horde of Dante's demons, his lifeless clay could not have presented a better model of a despairing death. The body was a mere skeleton, the skin was worn from shoulders and hips on those rough boards, and there was no vestige of clothing to cover the wounds and bruises. Doubtless he had died alone, in the night, forsaken, no relatives near, no comrades, and

NO NEWS OF EXCHANGE.

I had seen the end—a dead prisoner, and I had seen living ones so destitute that they furtively took the remnant of rags from such dead to patch their own. I returned to the camp about the time the prison ration was served, but my appetite was gone, and the stuff was saved until hunger demanded satisfaction. I believed the less I saw and knew of the sufferings of my fellow-prisoners, the less miserable I should be myself, as I had no means of helping them, so made but two or three such visits during my whole stay of five months. I estimated the number of prisoners at 5,000, and the number of deaths at 20 or 30 a day.

The prison was a miniature world in many respects—one of wealth and poverty, happiness and misery; but the wealth and happiness of Andersonville began where the poverty and misery of the outside world left off. The shrewd had gotten together by some means little stores of tobacco, peanuts, sugar-cane, cornmeal, sweet potatoes, soap, etc., and for mutual protection had established a street, and there in an imposing row stood the merchant princes behind their treasures, the envied of all that little world. They needed no laws or police for protection, as their muscles were as much feared as their stores were coveted.

Bostic, myself and a new prisoner by the name of Murphy formed a mess. There was a poor blanket between us for a shelter, and my valise furnished articles to trade for something to lengthen the prison ration and for

TOBACCO TO SMOKE.

We dug a place wide enough for us three to lie in sidewise, as we could not possibly stretch the blanket to cover more space and shed the rain. The blanket was stretched over a little ridge pole, the edges reaching to the ground, and the dug-out was deep enough to sit up in under the blanket. On one side of the doorway we made a clay fireplace and chimney to utilize what little wood we could get, or be allowed to go out and carry in. Our mess was way up in the world—having a shelter and the wherewith to procure some meal and tobacco. We could go in out of the rain, could enjoy the luxury of a smoke, and we could have gruel besides our rations. To be sure a couple of spoonfuls of meal boiled in a quart of water without salt was not very high living, but it warmed us.

We tried to find some amusement to pass the time. I carved a set of chessmen, and my friend Epenetus McIntosh, musician for the battalion, who had brought in a bottle of red ink, gave it to me to color one set, provided I would allow him to use them some. But chess playing was a failure. Hunger was ever present and prevented attention to

ANY SUBJECT EXCEPT BREAD.

At night it gave us dreams of feasts, which heightened the reality when we awoke. To me this feasting in dream was almost a nightly occurrence—the waking up only to find myself intensely hungry was one of the tortures of the place. Smoking was about the only thing we could do successfully, and without this occupation to distract our thoughts and cheat our stomachs life would have been a much greater burden.

Our rations were about a pint of cooked cowpeas, perhaps a third or half a pound of corn bread, and a small quantity of molasses or meal alternately each day. They were issued about 10 a. m., and in nearly every case were consumed on the spot; then a fast for 24 hours. The prisoners grew selfish and hardened; they neither gave, for it would only cut their own lives so much shorter; nor begged, for they expected nothing—unless it might be called begging for one to say to another, "Mister, when you are done with your chew of tobacco please let me have it." For my part, I formed no acquaintances, and I almost avoided obtaining any knowledge of the misery and degradation there; enough was forced on my observation to almost drive me to distraction.

The days dragged along, one like another, for a month, when, on the 11th day of November, all the prisoners able to be moved were sent farther east,

TO MILLEN PRISON,

or stockade, where we remained about 10 days. It was a frosty morning when we went in, and near the entrance on the outside were three or four prisoners lying on the ground with their feet in the stocks. One or two appeared to me to be dead. There was an abundance of good water at Millen, and that is about all that could be said for the place.

We were then removed to Savannah and kept there a few days. The trip from Millen to Savannah was very severe on account of the frosty nights. The wind whistled through the open cattle cars and chilled us to the bones. Somewhere on the way we were taken off in the woods and fed all the mush we could eat. It was made in several immense iron kettles. During the day I sat in the car door watching an opportunity to jump off, but as the guard seemed vigilant I made no attempt.

We left Savannah on the Atlantic & Gulf Railroad, which must have been about Dec. 1, 1864. When crossing the bridge over the Altamaha River the bridge guard spat upon us, which was in keeping with the character of all the Home Guards that we had met.

About eight or ten miles south of that river the train stopped for wood and water. It was getting dark and growing cold. The guards allowed us to move around, and some got off the cars, slapping their arms around their bodies to get up a circulation. Bostic was one of the latter, who would take every privilege he could get. He finally sat down behind a cord of wood beside the track, without saying "by your leave," and staid there. After a little a guard said,

"HAS THAT YANK COME BACK?"

Several answered, "Yes, half an hour ago." That settled Bostic, as he could hear plainly all that was said, and he knew a good thing when he had it.

I got off also to warm up, and determined not to get on again. As I trotted up and down I noticed the guard turn his back to protect himself from the cold wind, and taking advantage, slipped under the car and remained there, on the side toward the wind, believing the Johnnies were so cold as to make them reckless if only they could keep the keen wind out of their own bosoms. As I heard no inquiry, I knew that I had not been missed. The chief danger of escape was to come, as on the rear car was an iron kettle full of blazing pine knots, and, if I could find nothing to hide behind, would make an easy mark.

The train started. I hung on to the rod under the side of the car and ran along until I could not keep up, when I saw a bunch of grass, sprang out and flattened myself behind it,

SHUT MY EYES AND WAITED.

When I heard the rumbling of the train growing fainter, I peeped out and took a long breath of free air and stood up. I walked back and found Bostic; we two went farther back and found a third man. We said, "Where shall we go?" He said, "I am going to the nearest house to get something to eat." That was the last we saw of him.

I should say here that before I got off the train I gave my valise to an Englishman by name of Tomlinson, I think, who said he should never make any attempt to escape. The contents were to be his if I did not return.

Nearly all prisoners have a plan perfected for escape, so that if they get away, no time is lost in determing where to go. Bostic and I immediately commenced to carry out ours. Our theory was that Sherman had been the cause of our removal from Andersonville, and from Millen, and from Savannah, so that if we should go back up the river, cross it and go north, we should strike him on his way east. The theory was correct, as several others of our battalion escaped from the same train later, and fell in Sherman's track

AND WERE SAVED.

Bostic and I went back the railroad several miles, passed through the village of Doctortown, but could find no road leading up the river. Finally we gave up going back on the railroad, as we knew we could not cross the river on the railroad bridge, and the country for miles between Doctortown and the bridge was covered with water, so we took a little woods road and followed it some distance through the timber, until we saw a light flickering through the chinks of a log cabin. We knocked at the door and after a time it began to open slowly and a pistol began to come out. We told the man who we were and he asked us to come in.

We were nearly worn out, and it was necessary for us to find a place to get in out of the frost, or we should have been chilled to death. While we warmed ourselves, he called up his two maiden sisters, and they baked us some corncakes made of meal and water, without salt, which they said was

ALL THEY HAD IN THE HOUSE.

We were very thankful. About himself, he said he was a convalescent, and would never be well enough to go in the army again. He was a good enough Union man for us.

As to our escape, he said it would be better for us to go to Brunswick, on the coast, only 40 miles away, and we could reach the Yankee gunboats lying in the mouth of the river; that we could easily find the way, as there had been a railroad and telegraph line, and the roadbed and poles were still left; that the town was deserted, and very few soldiers in the country.

We decided to take his advice. He then said about so many miles on the road lived a widow who would give us a breakfast; and so much farther on a man who would do something for us. He would not be at home, but would come in at certain signals from his mother and sister; that he was afraid of the military, who had been trying for years to draft him in the service, and that he would show us across the swamps, which we could not cross ourselves.

Toward morning we started for the widow's, and found her. She was no doubt a Union woman, and willingly fed us from her small stores. We would take nothing but our breakfast, and went on. We found the house by the swamp, and on signal from his mother, after she was satisfied that our story was true, the man came in as our informant had told us. Here we got some fresh pork, sweet potatoes and cornbread,

WHICH WERE DELICIOUS.

The man kept looking at my Yankee knife as I cut up my bread and meat. To give it to him would in a manner repay him for his kindness, so I told him if he had a substitute of any kind I would exchange. He produced a strong, hand-made knife, which I took and gave him mine. He then said: "I would not like to be caught talking with Yankees. I will show you across the swamp; then you can go to a certain field, in the corner of which you will find a sweet-potato hole. When you get dried off in the sun, for you will have to wade a mile in water, sometimes up to your neck, take all you want and go on your way; and so many miles from here you will find another man who will help you. Good-by."

[To be continued.]

EX-PRISONERS OF WAR.

Meeting and Organizing.

AN INQUIRY.

Mrs. Mary B. Copp, of Prescott, Pierce Co., Wis., wants to get trace of any one who was a prisoner with her husband, Joseph M. Copp. He was taken prisoner in September, 1864, and sent to Camp Oglethorpe, Macon, Ga.; from thence to Millen, and hence he was exchanged in November, and was among the first thousand prisoners sent to St. John's College Hospital, Annapolis. His name does not appear upon the records, probably because it was spelled with a "K." He was insane at the time, and his name must have been given by somebody else. There was with him at the time one Daniel McSweeney, whom Mrs. Copp would like to find. Two years ago McSweeney was in Pittsburg, Pa., and since then all trace of him has been lost. After suffering from insanity for a long time, requiring constant watching day by day, which, however, did not prevent him burning down his own house, he finally died, leaving his family destitute. He belonged to Co. A, 12th Wis., but there were none of his company to prove his imprisonment and the consequences of it. Any comrade who can furnish any evidence in regard to this will do an act of great charity.

NEW YORK.

The Western New York Association of Union Ex-Prisoners of War, of Buffalo, holds public meetings every two weeks, at which the members talk about their experiences in rebel prisons and introduce entertaining features of various kinds. They usually have very appreciative audiences. At the meeting held March 9 the following resolutions, offered by Dr. J. T. Walton, were adopted:

Whereas the National defenders having merited well of their country, and having been honored with the thanks of Congress and the gratitude of their fellow citizens, it is mete and fitting that they should each possess some mark of identity, honorable, neat, impressive, and which can only be used by its lawful owners: Therefore, be it

Resolved, That application, by petition, be made to the Congress of the United States to enact a law which shall provide for the issuing of a small silver medal to each and every officer, soldier and sailor of the United States army, navy or marine corps living at the passage of the act, who was honorably discharged after at least three months' service. The medal to be of the size of the 25-cent silver coin, inscribed on one side: "From the Congress and people of the United States to a National defender, 1861-'65." On the reverse, "With malice toward none—let us have peace." The medal shall have a design attached to hold a web of tri-colored silk, one and a half inches wide and four in length. On this shall be fastened a clasp having engraved on it the time of service, or, if found practicable, name, rank, company, regiment, and term of service and battles in which the regiment participated. Congress shall be requested to make its counterfeiting or possession by anyone not lawfully entitled to it a penal offense punishable by imprisonment.

Resolved, That the G.A.R. and other fraternal societies of soldiers and sailors be requested to act upon this resolution, and that THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE be solicited to publish it.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Comrade D. C. Brewer, Lewisburg, announces that they have organized an association for Union County, by electing Capt. W. F. Campbell President and Lieut. D. C. Brewer Secretary, with ten members.

CONNECTICUT.

The State Association met in Hartford on Tuesday, the 22d ult., with a very large number of comrades present. The meeting was called to order by First Vice-President Schlein, of New Haven. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer showed everything to be in good shape. Circulars from headquarters were read and approved. Comrades Silas M. Norton, Jerome Tourtelotte and Hiram Buckingham were appointed a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year, which they did, and their nominations were unanimously elected. The following are the comrades named: President, Gen. S. E. Chamberlain, of Wethersfield; V.-P.'s, Capt. T. B. Robinson, of Bristol, 16th regiment, and Capt. V. B. Chamberlain, of New Britain, 7th regiment; Sec., Hiram Buckingham, of Hartford; Treas., Norman L. Hope, of Hartford; Chap., Rev. Hiram Eddy, of Canaan. Executive Committee, J. Acton Miller and Geo. Q. Whitney, of Hartford, and Jerome Tourtelotte, of Putnam. Comrades Wm. G. Hooker, J. Acton Miller and H. R. Jones were elected Delegates to the National Convention at Chicago in June. The Delegates were empowered to select Alternates. Gen. Chamberlain on taking the chair returned thanks for the honor that had been conferred upon him, and made a pleasant little speech. Resolutions were passed condemning the President's veto of the Dependent Pension Bill, and the association then marched to Unity Hall, where they were entertained by a fine banquet, with appropriate toasts and speeches.

THE LATE GEN. STONE.

A Comrade Speaks Boldly in His Defense.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The time will come when not only the veteran soldiers but the whole American people will demand to know the secret history of the darkened life of Gen. Charles P. Stone, and the truth of the dark mystery that shadowed a career which, at the breaking out of the civil war, promised to be exceptionally brilliant. Gen. Stone had achieved distinction in Mexico under the eye of Gen. Scott, and was selected as one of the most trusted Lieutenants of that great General in 1861. But, unfortunately for the Nation and for mankind, Gen. Scott was soon crowded into retirement.

Immediately after the battle of Ball's Bluff Gen. Stone was arrested and thrown into the military prison at Fort Lafayette. Repeated prayers and demands failed to secure a trial or even charges. After many weary months of imprisonment he was released without any reasons given therefor, and permitted to perform some unimportant staff duty, but was never again given a command.

After our war, Gen. Stone took service under the Khedive of Egypt, where his abilities were appreciated and rewarded by high military distinction. Had the Sultan of Turkey, whose subject he then was, sent a trusty slave some night and bowstringed the General, sewed him up in a sack and gently dumped him into the Bosphorus, such treatment would have been consistent and merciful by the side of what his native country had meted out to him.

A few years after the war a statement went the rounds of the Northern press that a paper had been found among the effects of Gen. Kearny, charging that Gen. Stone was sacrificed by McClellan. Be that as it may, here was a man who had achieved a most enviable military reputation, widely known and admired across three continents, and yet, at his death, had been for 25 years almost literally "*a man without a country.*" And, to-day, under a Republican form of Government, we know no more of this mystery than we do of the identity of "The Man in the Iron Mask."—ASA B. MUNN, 13th Ill. and 51st U. S. C. T., Chicago, Ill.

Honest, though Unsuccessful.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Our Post sent out Jan. 18, 1887, nearly 1,000 circulars to G.A.R. Posts, with return envelopes, stamped and directed, at a cost to us of nearly $50. We offered 10 prizes for Posts sending greatest number of votes at 10 cents each. Only four Posts responded, namely, one in Philadelphia, 500 votes, to whom we shipped an organ worth $150; one in Hackettstown, 185 votes, to whom we shipped an organ worth $100; one in Phillipsburg, 50 votes, to whom we shipped a set of Irving's Works worth $8; one in Burgonn, 10 votes, to whom we returned their dollar. Thus you see we kept our word under trying circumstances, and while losing money do not lose honor. We thank those who did respond, and congratulate them on their good luck. We even thank the 200 Posts who courteously wrote in return their excuses. The 800 who ignored our appeal altogether, we hope may be luckier than we, when their turn comes.—E. B. WEBB.

A LITTLE GIRL IN DIXIE

Hiding in a Cellar to Escape the Bullets.

BY ADA F. STRICKLAND, OWENSVILLE, IND.

II.

Only a few days after my father left us we were compelled to look upon the worst sight our eyes witnessed during the whole war, the memory of which even now makes me faint and sick. There had been a bridge burned somewhere on the East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad that was very important to the Confederates, and in searching for the guilty parties they ran across two poor Union men, who were hiding just as my papa had been. For want of other victims they dragged them to Greenville—for all these things I am writing happened in the home of Andrew Johnson—and there they were tried by what they called "drum-head court-martial." This was really no trial at all, but they were sentenced to be hanged at nightfall upon a tree that stood close to the railroad, and in plain view from our front door. Their names, if I remember rightly, were Hensie and Fry.

Ah! what a sight that was that greeted my childish eyes in the early morning light—those two poor, ignorant, innocent men, whose only crime was their love for their country, turning slowly in the breeze, the dew glistening on the caps drawn over their faces. There was a

A HORRIBLE FASCINATION

in the scene. Mamma tried in vain to turn my attention elsewhere. I could only stand and gaze in silent agony, which was not lessened by the brutal speech of one of two soldiers who passed the gate as we stood there:

"There is room yet on that tree for your husband, madam."

Mamma's answer was quick and characteristic: "Catching before hanging, gentlemen!" but I saw her cheek turn pale, and knew what a pang there was at her heart.

It was ordered that they should remain hanging 48 hours, and that the railroad train should pass slowly, so that the soldiers might offer every indignity to the bodies; but while their wives were pleading at Gen. Leadbetter's feet for the bodies of their dead, a telegram was handed him telling him of the death of his wife in a distant State. He immediately ordered the bodies taken down and delivered to the widows, who took them away and buried them. To some of us the death of the General's wife seemed like a swift retribution.

There had been a band of Indians camped near town for some time, but that morning they had disappeared, and it was reported that they had been sent out to scour the mountains for the missing Union men, or Lincolnites, as they called them. They returned after a few days, declaring that they had left the men dead on the mountains. But some way we didn't believe this, and a few days after we received the welcome news by that mysterious "underground railway," that after 11 terrible days and nights on the road, hiding in the thickets by day and stealing cautiously on their way at night, after

MANY HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES

they had at last reached Bowling Green, Ky.—the nearest point where there were Union forces. Here the most of them enlisted at once in the Union army, but my father could not be received on account of age and physical disability. He weighed over 200 pounds, and none of the men who started with him on that perilous trip expected to see him get through alive. He was at once sent on a speaking tour through the West.

But it is of our lives who were left behind that I have to tell. About this time the siege was raised at Knoxville, and the Union soldiers were pushing their way rapidly into the mountains, so for a while our little town became a veritable "debatable land." We never knew under which flag we would rise of a morning, and very often the sharp crack of a rifle would be the signal for a general skirmish, in which bullets would fly around so recklessly that we would be obliged to retreat to the cellar in a hurry.

Once a spent ball shut the cellar door in mamma's face, and another time a bullet took off the limb of a tree above her head, as she started for the cellar. Another time, after we were all safely inside, as we thought, and could hear the bullets singing outside, there was quite a panic when it was found that

MY LITTLE BROTHER,

only two years old, was missing. Mamma put the baby, aged two months, in my sister's arms, and was rushing wildly for the door, when a small voice from one of the darkest corners of the cellar piped out, "Here's me!" Sure enough, there was "me" on a pile of potatoes. He had been the first to enter the cellar, and after that it was quite funny to see his short legs strike a bee-line for the cellar whenever he heard a gun.

Thus our days were passed, varied now and then by a visit from soldiers on a search for arms, which always ended with a laugh over the old shotgun, without a lock, that mamma handed out to them. It was always given back to her "to shoot chickens with," while papa's fine rifle and shotgun reposed securely in the back part of the piano.

Once a big Alabamian laid his hand on the instrument and said, "Mebbe they're in this here thing."

I shall never forget mamma's look of scorn as she glanced at him and said, "Why, that's a piano!" Of course, the others had a good laugh at his ignorance and went on.

Sometimes we had enough to eat, and sometimes we hadn't. One night, when we had but 25 pounds of flour in the house, a soldier arrived with an order for just that amount to be baked into biscuits. There was no help for it. It had to be done, and we went supperless to bed.

One great want was salt, and people really suffered until they hit upon the expedient of digging up the floors of their smoke houses, where meat had been hung for years, boiling down the dirt and evaporating it, until a tolerably fair article of salt was obtained. Think of that, you little girls, who can buy as much salt as you can carry home for a nickel.

Another great want to some people was coffee. After the first year of the blockade that article sold for $2.50 a pound, and after a while could not be had at all. Then

VARIOUS SUBSTITUTES WERE TRIED.

Sweet potatoes cut into dice were parched in the oven; dried apples treated the same way; parched rye, parched wheat and meal, each was pronounced in turn very good coffee. I used to look on and be glad I didn't like coffee.

Shoes were made of the soles of old shoes, and "uppers" of any kind of cloth. Everybody engaged in the cobbling business. A neighbor, afterward a Judge on the Supreme Bench, made my little brother a pair of shoes out of a pair his wife had thrown away. This same gentleman found an old pair of boots, or the tops of them, in his office, and paid $75 to have them footed.

And I had just the funniest bonnet! I wish I had it now. It was woven by an old colored woman out of wheat-straw and carpet chain. The crown and skirt were of an old brown vail. It was quite a stylish affair, I can tell you.

Once in awhile a vessel would run the blockade, and those who had money could buy what they wanted. In this way one neighbor who was determined to be stylish or die, got a silk dress, for which she paid $1,200. Our friend the Judge bought his wife and daughter a calico dress apiece, for which he paid $600. We contented ourselves with buying a little *real* coffee, a package of baking soda at $2 a pound, and a spool or two of thread at

A DOLLAR A PIECE.

Now don't open your eyes too wide and think I am romancing about these prices. I am not just depending on my memory alone for them, for I was only nine years old, but I have these figures just as they were put down at the time in black and white by an older hand than mine.

At last there came one day a flag of truce, bringing through the lines a Southern family, and with orders to bring back the family of Col. F. But, alas! They had not made provision for so large a family, and when places in the ambulance were taken for mamma and the babies and one of my brothers, there was only room for one more, and there were two of us—my brother and I. It was thought best to leave us together, so with many tears we were left in the care of a dear old neighbor, like packages at an express office, "until called for." My brother had arrived at the age of conscription (16), and had to go. But our turn came after a while, and I will tell you about it next time.

[THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE announces with deep regret that Mrs. Ada F. Strickland died before finishing her series of most interesting sketches. THE TRIBUNE'S sorrow will be shared by all of its readers.—EDITOR.]

FALL OF NEW ORLEANS.

(Continued from 1st page.)

metropolis within her borders, and should have been held at all hazards. The new method of naval warfare adopted by Commodore Farragut, with the use of steam, so changed the old-fashioned ideas of coast and river defenses, that forts were almost useless. About the 28th of April, 1862, Farragut's fleet steamed up along the city front, bearing the Stars and Stripes, which had not been seen for a year in that port. The flagship anchored off Canal street, while the other vessels so placed themselves above and below as to command the entire river front. Along the levee, close to the river, were collections of people, who waved their handkerchiefs and

CHEERED WITH WELCOME

the incoming Federal vessels. Back on the city front squads of Confederate soldiers would occasionally fire into the people who were welcoming the Union vessels, some of their shots reaching the gunboats in the river.

The excitement on shore was intense. Destruction was going on with all the determination possible on the part of the Confederate officers, the poorer classes working through the crowd trying to save from destruction anything eatable. Piles of cotton bales, scattered for miles along the levee, were burning, filling the air with clouds of smoke and the peculiar smell of burning cotton. Hogsheads of sugar and barrels of molasses were knocked to pieces by the thousand, and their contents spread as widely as possible. Everything that in the minds of the Confederate authorities could aid the Union troops in any way was promptly destroyed, without regard to the half-starving thousands in their midst.

An immediate demand had been made for the surrender of the city by Farragut, but every ingenious and plausible excuse possible had been made use of to prolong the actual surrender, so as to get time to send off by the "Jackson Railroad," the only opening left, all of the quartermaster and commissary stores that could be gathered up in the city. Train after train was loaded and dispatched out into the Confederacy, while delay was gained by disputing as to who had the power to capitulate the city, Gen. Lovell, commanding the Department, or Mayor Monroe, ruler of the city. At last, tired of the wrangle, Commodore Farragut issued his finality, that, "I will give you 24 hours to remove the women and children, and then, if not surrendered, I will open the guns of my fleet upon you."

THE CITY WAS GIVEN UP,

but not until the large Confederate force under Gen. Lovell was departing. The formality of the surrender was gone through with sometime before any of the land forces arrived. A squad of marines run up flags upon the Custom-house and Mint in token of victory. It is a matter of history that a few desperate characters tore down the flag from the Mint, and that one of them suffered death in consequence.

The delay of the infantry was caused by the holding out of Forts Jackson and St. Philip several days after the fleet run by. As soon as the forts surrendered the troops were pushed forward as fast as steam could take them.

Several days after the surrender, about the 1st of May, the infantry commenced landing through the slush already spoken of. As we landed we formed into line and marched back from the levee toward the Custom-house. The people stood in crowds here and there watching our entrance. The poorer classes had a relieved and rather pleased look, while the better-dressed ones had an extra wrinkle or two at the corner of the eyebrow next to the nose, and a tightened look about the mouth, as though the dose had been a hard one to swallow. An occasional drunken man would "Hurrah for Jeff Davis" and the "Southern Confederacy." At street corners we would hear such expressions as "Wait a little, until 'Yellow Jack' comes, and he will soon finish them." At another corner a man would say to his companion, "I'll be dogg'd, Bill, if they aint fine-looking fellers; had plenty of grub, I reckon." Women holding up their babies to look on the glistening bayonets, at which they would clap their little hands, brought forth kindly expressions from our men, who were mostly grum and silent. Thousands upon thousands of all classes of people seemed to have known our route and lined the banquette, but, as a whole, quiet and undemonstrative.

We had gained by the pluck and daring of the navy an unheard-of triumph—an example the like of which all previous history could not reproduce. The great events of the last few days had almost paralyzed the mass of people in the city—events which happened so fast they could hardly realize them. The surrender of the city to Farragut and of the forts to Porter, with the almost superhuman exertions of the Confederate authorities to take away or destroy everything eatable and to evacuate the place with all the troops before the arrival of Butler's infantry, had now reacted and produced a lethargy which accepted, in grim submission, the fact that the Yankees

HAD CAPTURED NEW ORLEANS.

Thousands of the poorer classes had little or no sympathy with the rebellion, and the last acts of the Confederates which deprived them of their daily bread by destruction before their eyes, only made them welcome the Union troops with more warmth and confidence. There were also many thousands of foreign subjects who, whether they were sincere or not, expressed themselves as delighted at the change, especially after they found we had come to stay.

After marching a long distance through quaint streets and by strangely-built houses that reminded us of pictures of foreign cities—old smoky hip-roofs covered with Spanish tile, with dormer windows all tiled in—past clusters of long, fringy-looking leaves of date stems swaying in the breeze—past the delicate light-green leaves of the young banana shooting up from the roots of the old—past oleander and orange trees overhanging the street, with still some of the sour oranges hanging on the trees—we at last reached the U. S. Mint. It was the first good, dry, solid and quiet quarters we had occupied since leaving Baltimore, and we hastened to wash off the accumulations of shipboard and then slept soundly until reveille sounded.

The 126th Ill.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The 126th Ill. met at Rock Island, Feb. 15, and perfected an organization, with J. H. Crowder, Commander; George Vaughn and W. J. Ransom, Vice-Commanders; W. G. Cochran, of Lovington, Recording Secretary; J. H. Cleland and Denis Brophy, Corresponding Secretaries; S. R. Raseboro, Chaplain.—W. G. COCHRAN, Secretary.

A Badge Found.

Capt. J. S. Wickoff writes that a jeweler in Fredericksburg, Va., has in his possession a silver badge found in the neighborhood, and engraved as follows: "S. C. Thompson, Co. C, 8th N. Y. Cavalry."